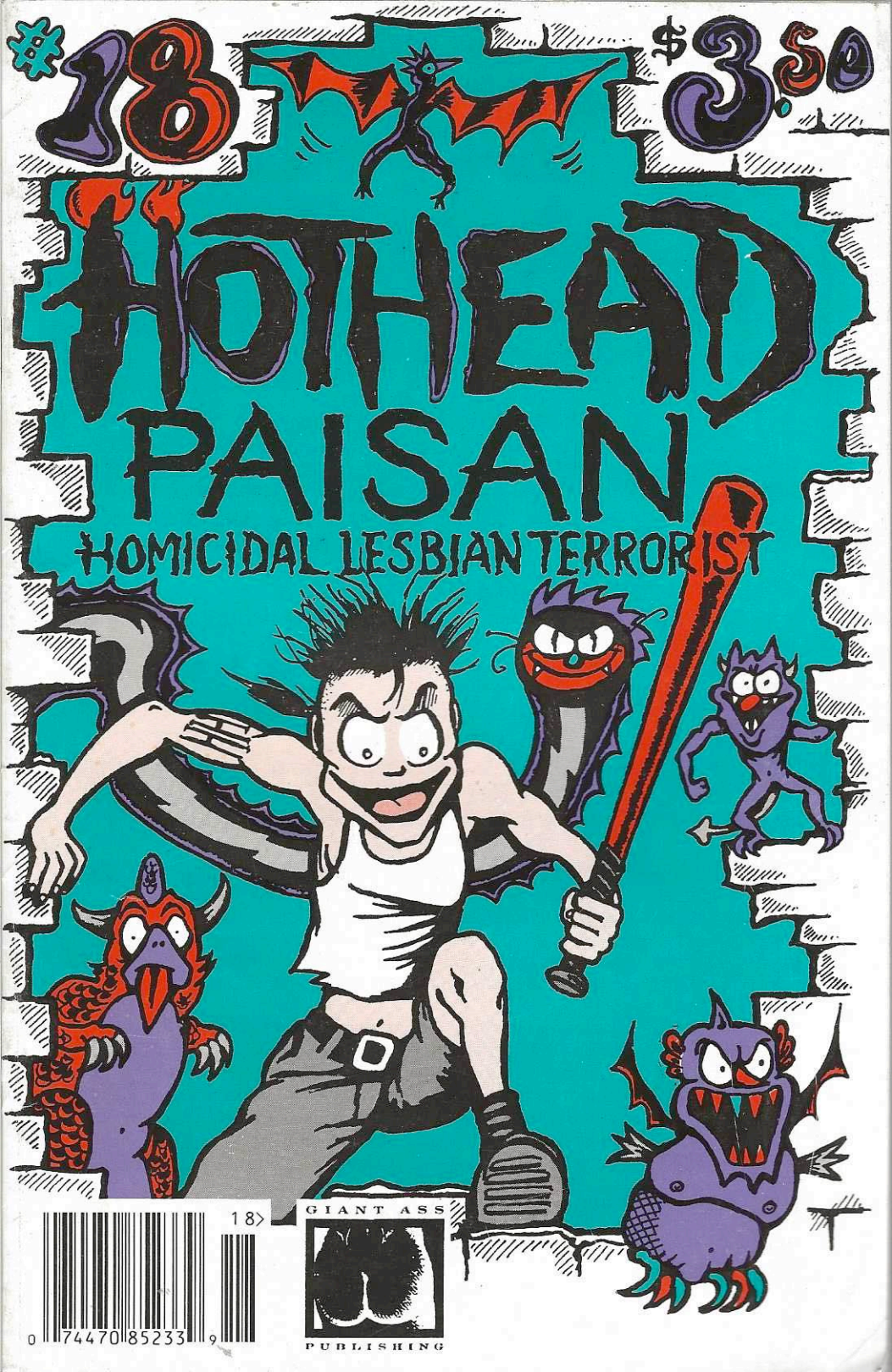
#18
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HOTHEAD PAISAN
HOMICIDAL LESBIAN TERRORIST
18
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HOTHEAD PAISAN
HOMICIDAL LESBIAN TERRORIST
#18

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Note from Stace-
In this issue's inside back cover you'll notice we are running an advertisment for Jennnifer Camper's most grooviliscious book; "Rude Girls & Dangerous Women." It's a great book and we urge you to add it to your collection of fierce & female favs. We are looking at alternative ways to make our ends meet so we don't have to raise the covah price. We will only run ads that we believe in- Interested advertisers should call the Hotline for rates.
Thank you to MS. Magazine for their Snapshot exposure of *Hothead Paisan* in issue Vol V, Number 6 and for the invaluable information they provide in each issue. Check it out.
In an effort to simplify our operation we will soon be trimming the amount of merchandise down to a more controllable size. SO - If there's a T- shirt or Hat you've been meaning to add to your collection - now's the time to treat yourself or that maniac friend of yours. We'll still have crapola but just a little less of it. We always need and greatly worship YOU for your help in spreading Hothead around. Its always a good time to subscribe for yourself and a friend.
Be safe. Kiss Kiss till you can't stand us no mo xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

Oh and DUH: Hothead Paisan is a work of fiction. Don't sue us if you think we're talking about you cuz we're not. Hothead comes outa DiMassa's noodle. Any resemblance to anyone in real life is justa coincidence.

HOTHEAD PAISAN
HOMICIDAL LESBIAN TERRORIST
EAT ME
©1995 DiMASSA
READY...
AIM...
SIGH
WHEN ONE DOOR CLOSES ANOTHER ONE OPENS...
...IT'S THE WAITING AROUND IN THE HALLWAY THAT KILLS ME
HUH! I USUALLY LOVE TO DO THIS..
HOLY SHIT!! I'M BLEEDING!!
AN' IT HURTS! OW!!
THERE, THERE...
DAB DAB

IM TIRED OF EATIN' BRICKS!
UH-HUH. HOLD STILL. HOW MANY BRICKS HAVE YOU EATEN?
CHICKEN'S LIL MEDICAL BAG
A FUCKIN' LOT! LIKE, FOREVER!
WELL WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP?.
INSANITY: DOING THE SAME THANG OVER N' OVER AND EXPECTING DIFFERENT RESULTS!!
HEY YOU DUMB SHIT!! SHUT UP WIT DEM GODDAMN FUCKING SLOGANS
GET ATTA HERE!
HERE! QUICK! TAKE THIS BEFORE I SPILL IT!
GOOD!!
PPL
WHOOSH
KAK!
EWW CHICKEN!! WHAT WAS THAT!!
JUST A LIL IPECAC!
IPECAC!! ISN'T THAT THE STUFF THAT...
LET'S PLAY DOCTOR
GOTTA GO!!
URP

BYAKKK
HYAKKK
KKUK
BLOIT
BLOIT
I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS HOW GREAT THIS IS!!
NAH!
SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, STAN?
OOOH!
SHE NEEDS SOMETHING TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT!
SHE'LL HATE THAT!

GONNA PUT A LITTLE SOMETHING RIGHT IN HER HANDS!!
BESIDES AN M-16?
YES!
So IS IT SAFE TO SAY THAT LISTENING IS NOT HER STRONG POINT?
IT'S A LOST POINT!
LOST WITHOUT A MAP!
OK, SHE NEEDS TO BE, AH... DIVERTED WHILE SOMETHING GOOD HAPPENS!
So SHE CAN'T SCARE IT AWAY!
WHAT DOES SHE LIKE?
OH, WELL START REAL SIMPLE... JUST OPEN THE DOOR A TINY BIT! AFTER ALL, WE'RE TALKING MAJOR ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT HERE!
POSITIVELY FOSSILIZED!
BLESS HER LITTLE BLACK BOOTS!
I'M SO EXCITED!! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I EVER WANT YOU TO DO...
WE KNOW, WE KNOW...
LOVE!?
UH-HUH

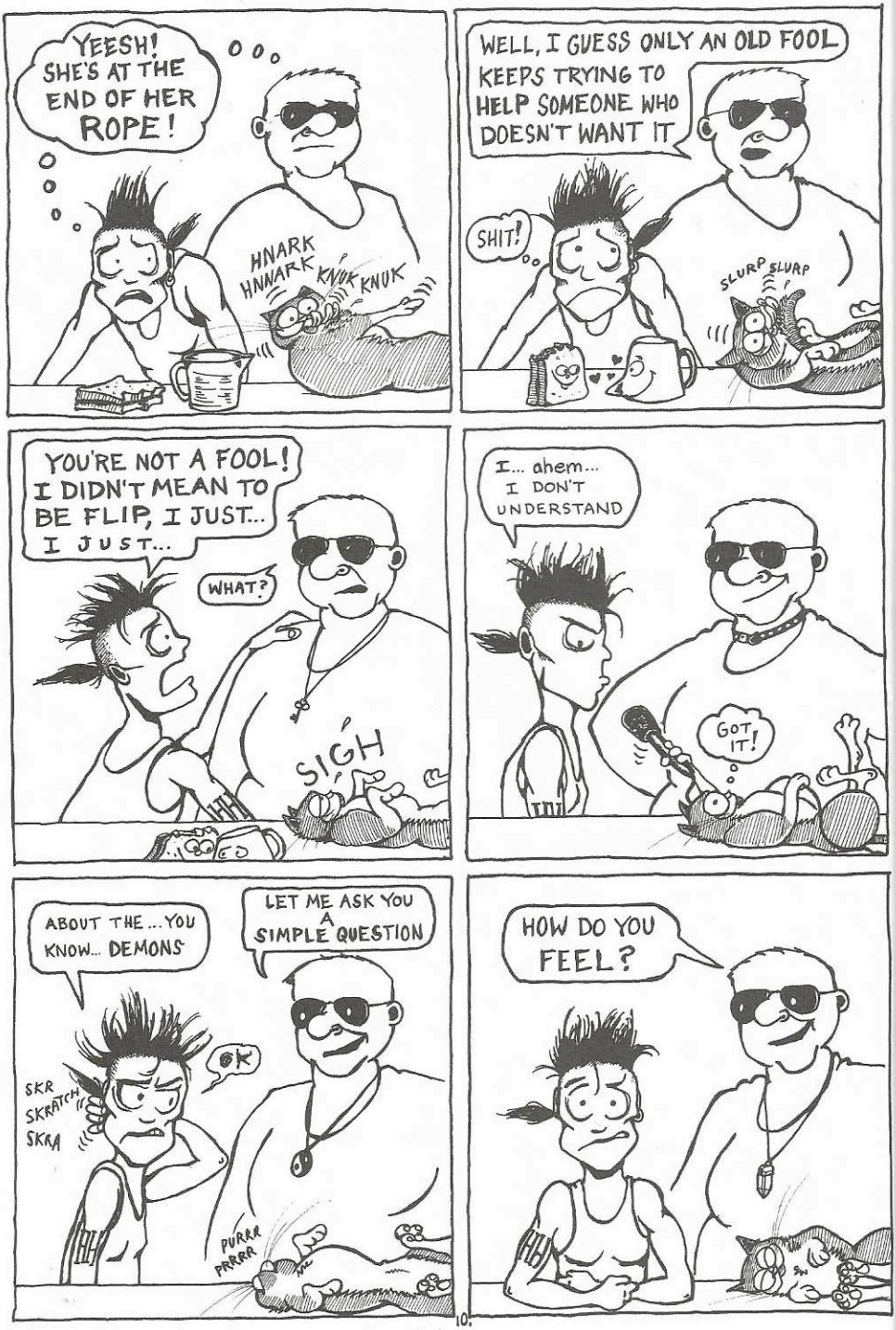
OK, YOU TWO... BACK TO DENSITY!!
KISS THE BELLY
ASTRAL TRAVEL AGENCY
BYE, DONNA!
IT'S MY PARTY AND I'LL FLY IF I WANT TO...
FUCK IT! I'M NOT EVEN GONNA SAY A THING! SO THEY FLOATED DOWN THROUGH THE CEILING! SO WHAT! WHY NOT?!
...NOTHIN' MAKES SENSE ANYMORE, ANYWAY! NOW THEY'RE GONNA WAKE ME UP SO THEY CAN GOOF ON ME...
PSST, Hey!
SEE?!
Hellllooo! How are you doing?
She's goofing on us!
SORRY, CAN'T HEAR YOU! I'M A VEGETABLE! YOU'LL HAVE TO GOOF ON SOMEONE ELSE!
OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK, RIGHT?
SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO ST....

RA!!
ULP
HA!
old Behaviors that no Longer serve us!
SKOVE IT!
OK, OK! I'M SORRY!
COULD YOU REPEAT THAT, PLEASE?
I SAID I'M SORRY WAAAHHHH
I'LL NEVER BE NORMAL WAAHHH IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY IM SORRY
IS THAT WHAT SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT?

WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX?
im relaxed
THIS IS FUCKED UP! I CAN'T STOP CRYING!!
FUCKIN' FUCKED UP FUCKIN' WORLD!
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING THAT FEELS GOOD
WHAT ROZ SEES
HOTHEAD!!
WHAT
CUT THE DEMONS LOOSE ALREADY!!

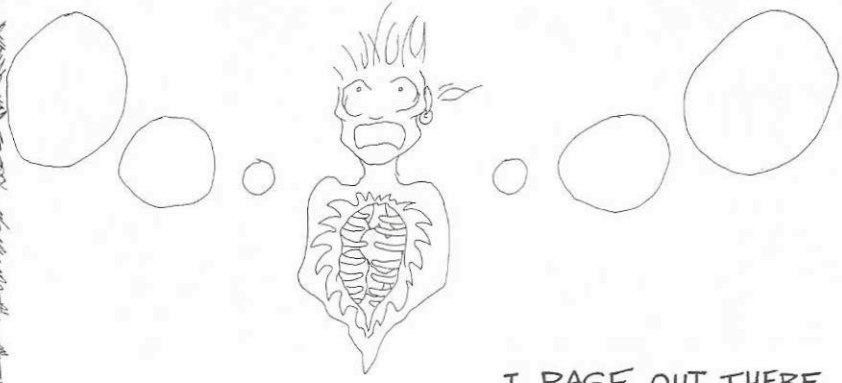
WHAT DEMONS?
WHAT DEMONS?!
FLAP FLAP
FLAP
YOU RAISE THE HAPPIEST, HEALTHIEST PARASITES THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN!!
I DO?
PUREENA DEMON CHOW
YOU'RE A DEMON FARMER!
HISSSSSSS
UH... THEY KEEP ME WARM?
I'D BE WARM TOO IF I HAD MY HEAD IN THE OVEN!!
I SEE YOU, PERSONALITY #2!!
SHE BELONGS TO ME!
WRONG! SHE ONLY THINKS SHE DOES!
THAT'S ALL IT TAKES, BIG NOSE!
YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED AND YA KNOW IT, SNAKE-BREATH!

I DON'T LIKE YOU
OH, HA HA! POOR ME!
THAT'S CAUSE I DON'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING TO STICK YOUR CLAWS IN!
NOW GET OFF MY FRIEND!
ASK ME ABOUT MY BUTCH SIDE
ROZ?
SHE THINKS I'M THE ONE WITH THE PROBLEMS...
ROZ!!
S-SMELL SMELLS SMELL
ECONO-BUTTER
GRAPE FLAVOR TUMMY GLUE
WHERE DO THE DEMONS COME FROM?
THEY'RE A GIFT FROM YOUR PARENTS
PANT PANT
ZEN PRIESTESSES GET MAD, TOO!
WITH HARD THINGS
INSANITY PLEA FOOD
WELL, WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT 'EM? THE IDEA OF HAVIN' LITTLE NASTY PETS IS KINDA COOL, ACTUALLY...
GLUB GLUB
FURRY BUTTER
THEY'RE NOT ON YOUR SIDE..
...AND YOU'RE MUCH TOO FLIP FOR SOMEONE SO IN NEED!


YEESH! SHE'S AT THE END OF HER ROPE!
HNARK HNNARK KNUK KNUK
WELL, I GUESS ONLY AN OLD FOOL KEEPS TRYING TO HELP SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T WANT IT
SHIT!
SLURP SLURP
YOU'RE NOT A FOOL! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE FLIP, I JUST... I JUST...
WHAT?
SIGH
I... ahem... I DON'T UNDERSTAND
GOT IT!
ABOUT THE ... YOU KNOW... DEMONS
LET ME ASK YOU A SIMPLE QUESTION
OK
SKR SKRATCH SKRA
PURRR PRRRR
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

WHY, WITH MY HANDS, OF COURSE! HA HA! HEY! WHERE'S MY SAMMICH?
WELL, UH, I'M KINDA TIRED... AND MY THROAT HURTS
YEP! THAT'S ABOUT IT!

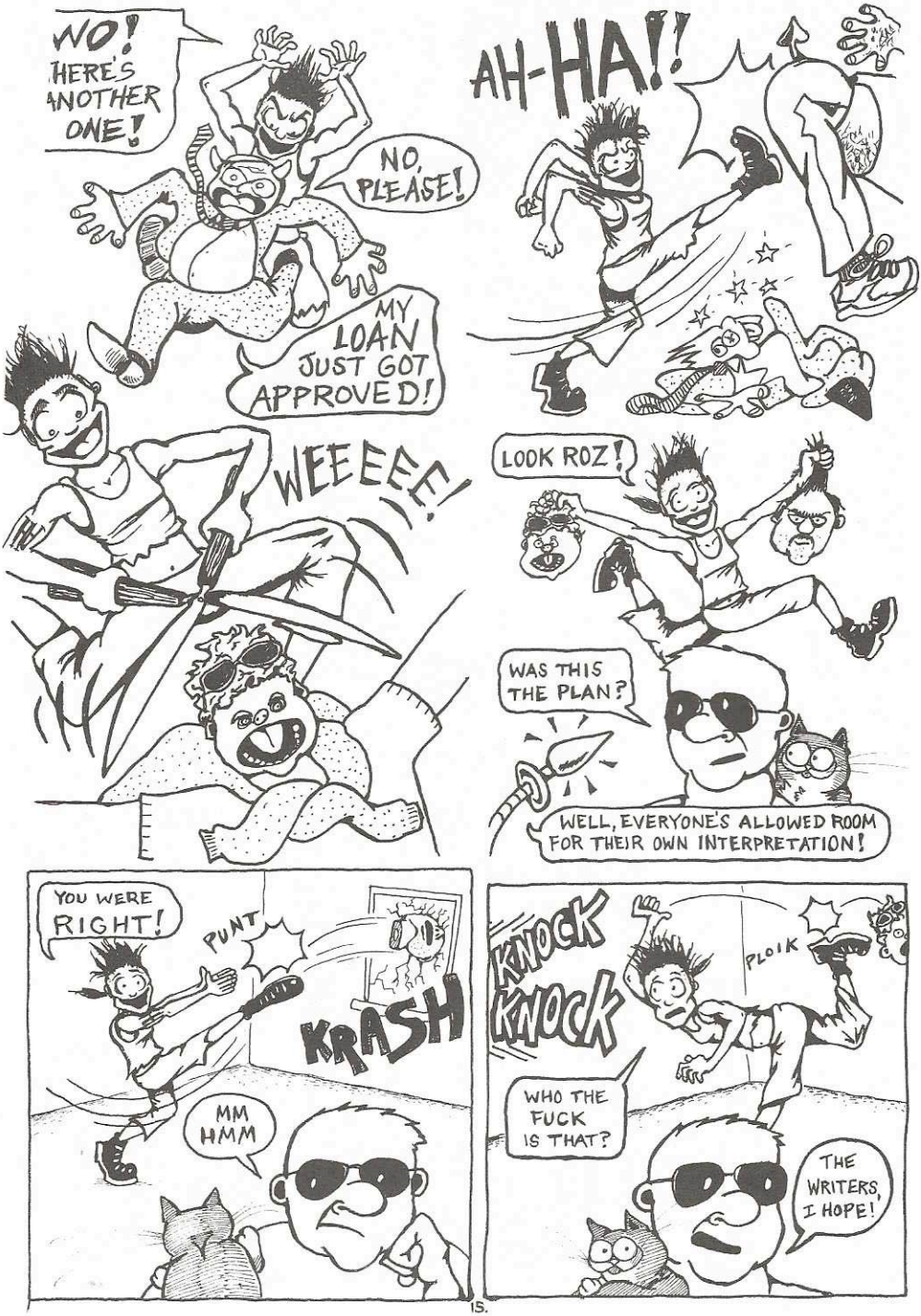
I FEEL LIKE IM IN A SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE AND EVERYONE GOT A PART BUT ME! I'M LOST ON THIS PLANET · ALIEN TO ANY TRIBE OR RACE. IM SCARED SHIT OF PEOPLE, AND PLACES. SOMEBODY LEFT ME, SMALL FRY, OUT OVERNIGHT. I CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR, CORRALLED BY FEARS THAT HAVE BECOME THE PARAMETERS OF MY LIFE! THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET THROUGH THE DAY IS TO PUSH MY FEELINGS SO FAR AWAY THAT I'M THE LAST TO KNOW... I CAN'T GET BIGGER... STUCK-WRAPPED BOUND TIGHT IN THE DUCT-TAPE OF MY EMOTIONS. MY ANTENNA IS OUT ALL THE WAY, POKING INTO THE BULLSHIT, AND I GET TRANSMITTED LIGHTNING ROD – FEET-IN-THE-PUDDLE RAGE...



... I RAGE OUT THERE, OUT AND AWAY, BECAUSE AS LONG AS I'M FAR OUT IN THE STROKE ZONE I DON'T HAVE TO STEP INTO HERE, THE ABANDONED NURSERY, WHERE I MIGHT TRIP OVER SOME OLD YELLOW BONES AND FALL THROUGH A HOLE INTO THE BASEMENT WHERE I'LL BE FACE TO FACE WITH THE STORAGE VAULT, WHICH WILL DISAPPEAR ME! I'M CAUGHT IN A LOOP OF WANTING AND STUNTING SHORT. THE LOOP IS GETTING SICKENINGLY SMALL AND IM WEARING MY STOMACH FOR A HAT. MOSTLY, I FIGHT WITH MYSELF, WRESTLING OVER A MAGIC TRICK THAT I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SOLVE BUT GOT INTERRUPTED. IM TOO TIRED TO RUN AND I KNOW THAT IF I SIT STILL, GLEAMING SURGICAL SCALPELS WILL COME SINGING OUT OF A BLACK SKY IN PERFECT FORMATION TO FILLET ME...

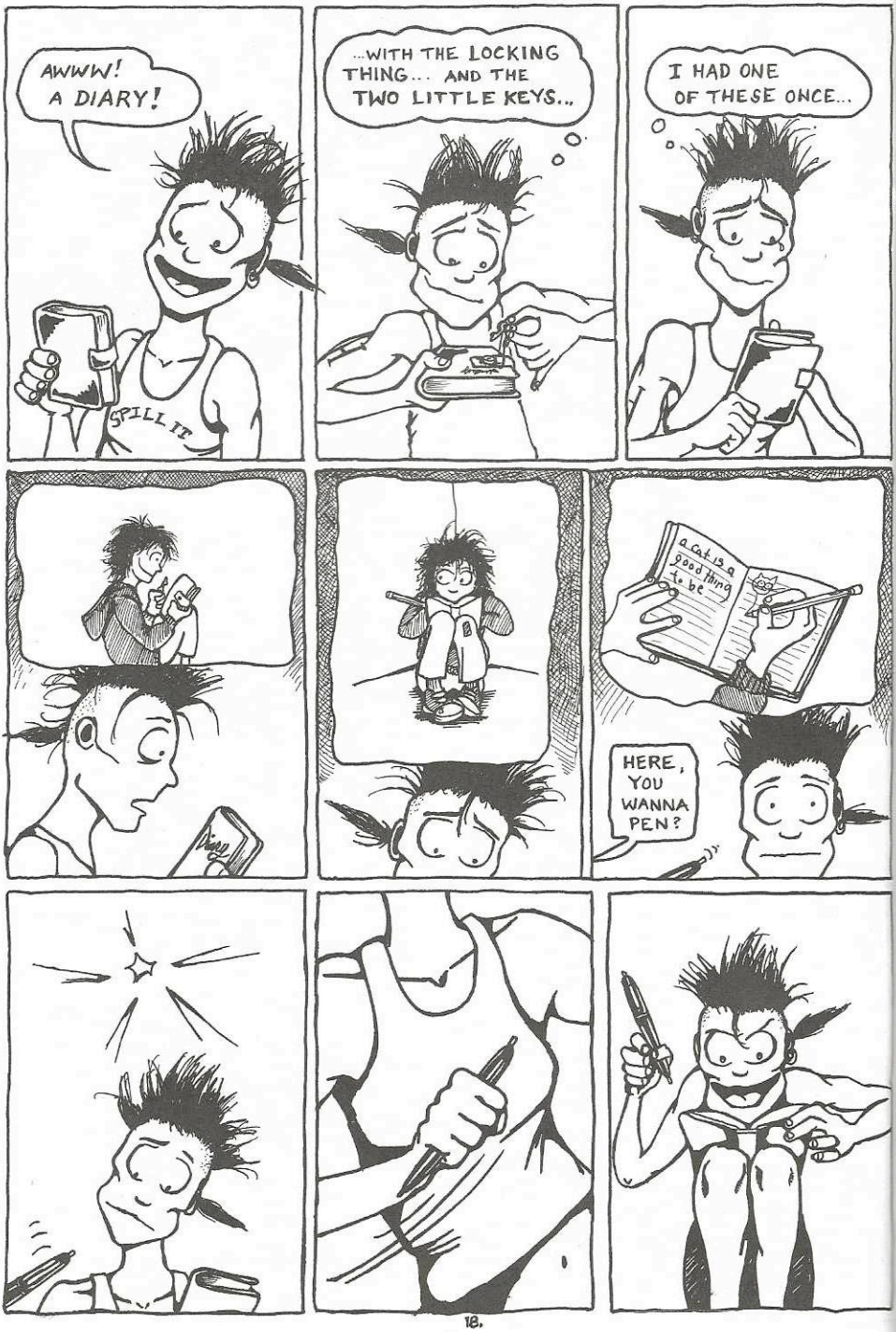
FEAR PRESSURE STRESS NERVES
SHIT-STORMS PARANOIA INERTIA
ANGER DEPRESSION MANIA
SELF-HATE DESPAIR
LONELINESS UNDEREATING
MARTYRDOM VENGEANCE
PANT PANT PANT
PANT GASP
PANT
DEMONS!!
AAAAAGGHH
KLONK
YA
LITTLE
BASTARDS
13

UH-OH. THAT'S ALL WE NEED! FOR HER KIND TO GET A GRIP!
WHO GIVES A SHIT!
MONITOR ROOM #397402CZ
HEY! OUR SPECIAL GOVERNMENT PSYCHOLOGISTS WORK HARD TO KEEP THE MASSES STUPID IN THEIR OWN MINDS! I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET SOME PREVERT RUIN EVERYTHING BECAUSE ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE THINKS SHE HAS A LIFE!
PFFT! LIKE SHE COULD MAKE A DIFFERENCE!
YA CAN'T LET THIS KIND OF THING SPREAD!
YEAH! LOOK AT THE RAP EPIDEMIC! SHUDDER!
WE BETTER CALL "ADVERTISING" AND HAVE THEM AIM A CAMPAIGN AT HER "GROUP"
LET'S JUST AIM A CANNON AT THEM!
WE CAN'T HAVE THE SUBGROUPS FEELING POWERFUL!
GOD DAMN IT I'M SICK OF HAVING TO CONTROL THEM!
DUCK!!
SMASH


NO! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
NO, PLEASE!
MY LOAN JUST GOT APPROVED!
AH-HA!!
WEEEEE!
LOOK ROZ!
WAS THIS THE PLAN?
WELL, EVERYONE'S ALLOWED ROOM FOR THEIR OWN INTERPRETATION!
YOU WERE RIGHT!
PUNT
KRASH
MM HMM
KNOCK KNOCK
PLOIK
WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?
THE WRITERS, I HOPE!

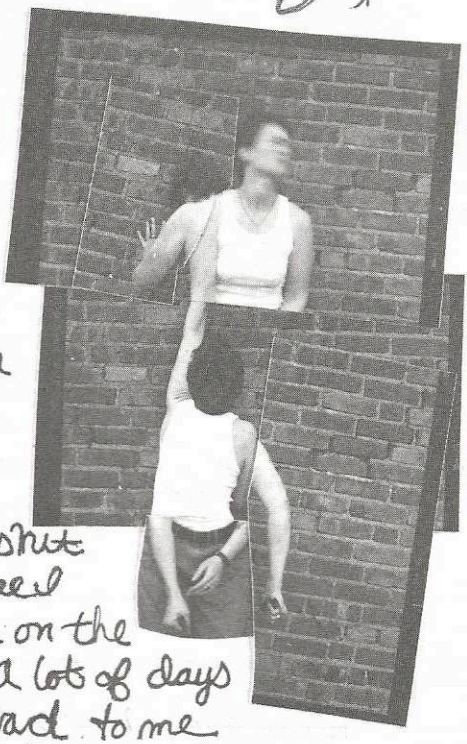
IT'S DAPHNE
GASP!
GRINDER INLAW AUNT KATE
HELP! WATCH OUT! WAIT! ROZ!!
JUST A MINNNIIITT
STRATEGY. TECHNIQUE.
NERVE DISORDER.
NO TIME TO CHANGE! YOU TWO WANNA SHUT UP? THIS IS NOT A BIG DEAL!
WHACK WHACK
DON'T MAKE ME MAKE AN ASS OUTTA MYSELF!
BOOM BOOM BOOM
OH RIGHT
SNIIIFFFF!! OK! YA READY?
ARE WE READY?
WOOSH
BAM
WHAM

I'M NERVOUS ABOUT SEEIN' YOU, TOO, HH!
I AIN'T NERVOUS!!
HOW YA LIKE THE WEATHER T'DAY?
HAHAHA
CMON IN
HEE HEE
PERHAPS YOU AND I AND ABBOTT & COSTELLO CAN ALL HAVE SOME TEA...
I-LOVE SOME!
SO I HOPE IT'S OK I JUST CAME OVER - CHICKEN GAVE ROZ MY NUMBER AND THEY CALLED ME..
PSST!
THAT'S REAL CUTE!
IT'S SO OK!
THEY SAID YOU WEREN'T FEELING SO HOT, SO I BROUGHT YA A LITTLE PRESENT!
YOU DID NOT!
SSSMELL ONE!
IT'S JUST A LITTLE THING MY MOM USTA GET ME WHEN I WAS SICK...
HURRY!
RAZZLE RAZZLE RAZZLE


AWWW! A DIARY!
SPILL IT
...WITH THE LOCKING THING... AND THE TWO LITTLE KEYS...
I HAD ONE OF THESE ONCE...
a cat is a good thing to be
HERE, YOU WANNA PEN?

Dear DIARY,
Life Sucks!
TAP TAP
TAP
Well, you KNOW, IF IT WAS THAT Bad, I wouldn't stay.
I guess.
BUT JUST beCAUSE I stay doesn't mean it doesn't STILL SUCK. IT DOES!
POINK!
peep?
well, not entirely.
MAY YOU HAVE BLISS INSTEAD OF BLISTERS AND SMILES INSTEAD OF TRIALS - UNTIL NEXT TIME...XO

Dear diary,



Today I didn't do nothin' cause I was really mad at somethin! The other day I had to sleep 2 extra hours from anger exhaustion. One day I lost my shit so bad I forgot where I lived, had to sit down on the curb and recover. A lots of days somebody talks back to me and Im ruined til the next day.

My body feels like its filled with bricks, no air goes thru it during rage. I cant tell where my head is. I dont know if my eyes popped out.

Today I had a good idea, and someone insulted me, but I didnt hardly hear him because before I left the house I promised myself that I wasnt gonna give my good idea away. !!!

da peeple sez dis...

ISHOO #17. WHEW. THE HAUNT OF THE LIDDLE GIRL. LIFE IS... A FRIEND OF MINE BROKE UP WITH SQUIRRELFRIEND YET STILL LIVES IN THE SAME HOUSE. EX-SQUIRREL BRINGS HOME DATE. FRIEND FREAKS. I BRING HER HOME, PUT HER IN BED, GIVE HER HH BOOK, *HOTHEAD* BACK ISSUES, TUCK CHICKEN UNDER HER CHIN AND ALL IS WELL. SHE IS NOW IN LOVE WITH HEATHER THE POET. HOTNESS SAVES ANOTHER. WILL OUR ENERGY SAVE HER?

XO, M. TEXAS

Dear Diane, This past weekend I went home to my born-again Christian family home for Easter. Prepared for an emergency, I stashed my copy of *Hothead* in my discreet backpack. Five hours into my visit, I was dismayed to learn that yet another of my sisters is entering a Bible Institute after high school. My nerves felt raw. I've always stuck out in my family because I haven't married a man, become born-again or hid my lesbianism. During the peak breaking point at home— when I thought I would explode in my family's oppressive presence, I went for a walk and immersed myself in the hotness of Hothead. In a little while she had me smiling and breathing at an even pace. I hope she never changes! I now worship her as my religion— I wonder how that would go over with my family...

Awestruck, Amaele L.

Dear Ms. DiMassa, Being a queer guy in St. Petersburg, Russia isn't as difficult now that Hothead and Chicken are around to cheer me up! You wanna talk about misogynist backward society? For queers, Russia is the pits to an unimaginable degree; for women, it's No Man's (or Woman's) Land. If only Hothead would take a Berlitz Russian course and hop on over— I'd personally organize a welcoming committee, help her find a place (hell, she could stay with me!) and, most importantly, make all the necessary arrangements to get Chicken through Russian customs! Being as out as I am, I have lots of gay and lesbian friends here and have faithfully translated several pages of *Hothead* [for] them. I can tell you, they think she is too cool. And they think she should be President— Yikes! Right now, I'm dealing with a serious issue in my life— I've been dealing with it for over a year now. In November of 1993, my lover was arrested and charged with the murder of a gay American businessman here in St. Petersburg. My lover, Mikhail (Misha) is NOT guilty— he was used as a scapegoat by the anti-gay Russian police just because he is a homosexual. Recently, Misha was given 9 years in prison. I have contacted Amnesty International in hopes they can be of help. I think they can. The bottom line is... Hothead came to me last year. Her anger and terrorist acts against penis-minded breeders kept me laughing during a very difficult time. You, Hothead and Chicken, in a way, help give me the courage to keep fighting to make a difference and get Misha out... Goddess Bless You! Yours in Hotheadedness,

Britt S. St. Petersburg Russia

Hi! Have you heard about the fun Hothead has created here in Ottawa? A lesbian acquaintance of mine wrote an article about her for the Carleton University newspaper, and some guy filed a sexual harassment complaint. The university backed away from it, saying they had no jurisdiction over the paper, but this idiot is apparently taking it to the Human Rights Commission. I guess it's so tough being a straight boy, but this one's just not going to take it any more. Thanks! Daniel K.

Ottawa ONT

Dear Diane, Yesterday, the guy who runs the woodshop at my school (I'm in grad school for a MFA in sculpture) was informing me how a certain finish would look on wood: "I don't know why girls have such a hard time with this; girls look at me funny when I ask them to do this; guys don't but girls do. Spit on the wood and rub it in." Prick. Needless to say, I brought up the biggest luger possible on the spur of the moment—imagining that that piece of cherry wood (oooh- the girl even knows what kind of wood it is) was his anal retentive head. So, I'm in the land of male macho shit-head sculptors—which I thought died in the 60's—where men make dick art 30 years post-facto. And I need Hothead in my life to deal with the big lugheads strutting around carrying big hunks-o-steel. Quien es mas macho? Hothead needs to come to art school with me.

Alison S. Alfred NY

Letters may be edited for length...

I can't figure out why a little *Hothead* comic book only comes out once every quarter. Surely there is enough in this "Penis is King" world for DiMassa to put out more that 4 times a year. Every day or at least every week provides opportunity for another *Hothead* storyline. If I had her talent, I'd be putting out something 5 days a week. Wouldn't it be something to see *Hothead* nationally syndicated and seen everyday in our everyday newspapers? What does DiMassa do during the times of year she is not producing a *Hothead* comic? Does she trudge off to boring factories like some of us, to engage in boring, meaningless, repetitious, stupid activities every day? Does she pack a lunch and punch a time clock like some of us? Does she have to wear steel-toed shoes needlessly, safety glasses, ear plugs, gloves, aprons, sleeves, helmets, boots etc. to do stupid things for 8 hours or 9 or 10 in a filthy, boring plant, tinkering with meaningless things? God help me get out of here! Anyway, I don't see how anyone makes a living producing a small comic book 4x a year. Someday, I'm going to be in business for myself, too, like you all and not have to show up at a place where a man is constantly watching to make sure I am busy, active, moving, "productive," etc... for every minute of the every shift. I want a *Hothead* comic every month.

Sincerely, Janet R.

Diane, Just a quick note to let you know what an inspiration, release, whatever-you-want-to-call-it, Hothead has been for me. I've been sober for almost two years. For the first year I cam home every night, thinking "this is the night I'm gonna crack". I'd lock the door, cover the windows, crawl into bed and read Hothead over and over and over. Now I am not so angry. She and I are not so close, but I will always have a place in my heart for you. I think you are far too exquisite!

Nicole

Diane and Stacy: The lamp is always on the table; all I have to do is turn it on. Thanks. #17 was a little slice of my life and probably, hopefully [true for] a lot of others. I reached a point where the brutalization from the outside and self-abuse from the inside could no longer be helped by my coffee or pizza. The implosion and explosion met on page 19. That's a goose bump page for me: a powerful reminder of how to get out and stay out of my shit. May the force be with you.

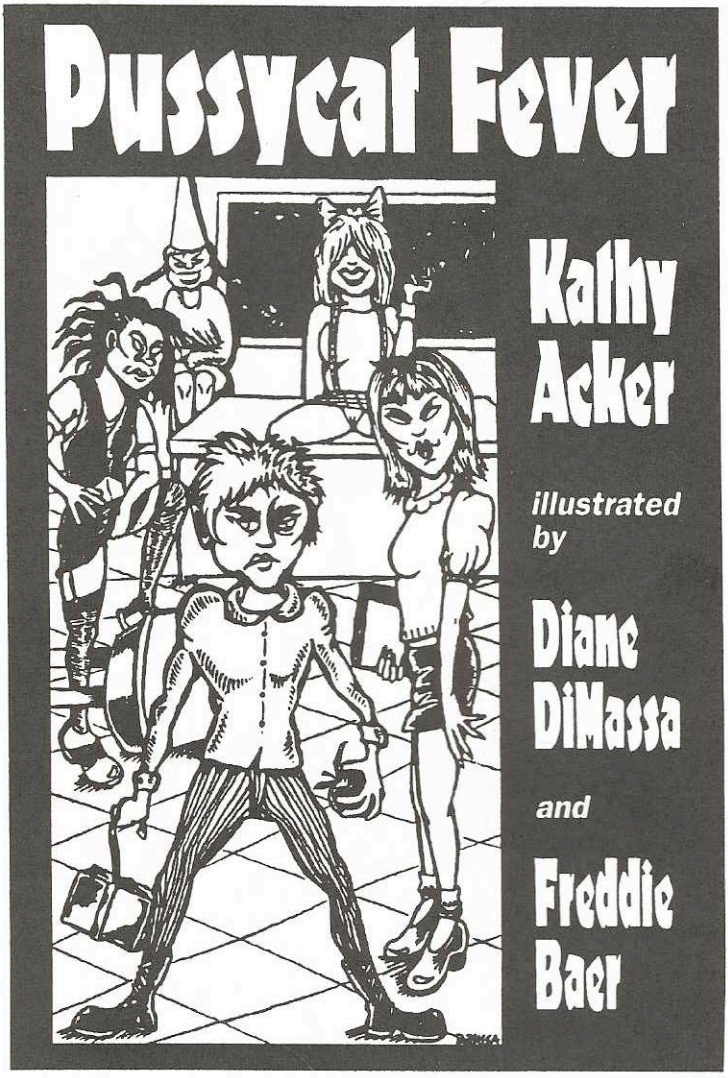
Love, Robert

To Mommy St. Wee-Wee and her children— Thank you for not bowing to those who would strip HH of her violence, her rage, her (too-infrequent) fucking. All censorship is wrong—there is no "good" kind. If you don't like something you see and hear, make your own art/music/statement. I can't understand how any woman, after centuries of being told to shut up, can think that someone else's opinion needs to be stifled. Please stay true to your heart and soul, even if (especially if) you piss someone off. And keep Chicken's fez, pleez! I was so happy when HH found it— what a sweet moment. Brava to Hothead, and phooey on those who would change her, rearrange her, or try to pry the sledgehammer from her hand.

Love to you all— Sheva G. Philadelphia PA

Hothead, Come on down to North Carolina. We're not backwards or heathen or watnot. No indeed. We are the bastion of civilization. Why, just the other day I ran into Jesse Helms in a bar and we got to talking about bad art and welfare cuts and watnot and him being all drunk from whiskey. He up and asks me for a blow-job. Well, me, I look surprised and say "you have a prick?" And he gets all bent out of shape and I say "okay, okay, I'm just kidding, it's nothing to go killing any puppies about," I say, and then I say "okay, I'll suck you off on three conditions." He gets this gross excited look on his face and his tongue hanging out his mouth and says, "you gotta deal, son, yes sir, this will be the most important moment of your life, yes sir, you just name those conditions." So we mosey on off to the men's room and find a free stall next to Newt Gingrich banging some poor little Republican teenager who doesn't even have hair on his balls yet, and Jesse starts panting and drooling and spouting some rhetoric about economic Darwinism and wealth genes and unzipping his pants and I'm getting ready for a trip to hell and down come those trousers and I find myself face to face with a black censor's box where there should be a prick. Not able to think of anything better to do (and not too damn surprised if I'm to be honest with you), I snort around a bit and hock up a right big loogy into Jesse's box and stand up and say, "Okay Jesse, number one is you make Hothead President; number two is you appoint Chicken Chaircat of the Governmental Commission to Define Art and Pornography, and number three is you make Roz Secretary of Defense and head of the CIA, dammit! So, point is, Hothead, granted Jesse was damn drunk that night and may forget the whole episode but 1) don't be surprised if you receive a letter from Jesse Helms saying now he wants you to run for President and all and 2) don't ever try chopping his dick off cuz if he'd've had one, I would've done the deed already. I mean, sister there's some pricks even I won't put in my mouth and, just between you and me, I went into that bathroom stall with a knife, not a hard-on.

Peace, love, and hairballs, Jonathan M. Greensboro NC



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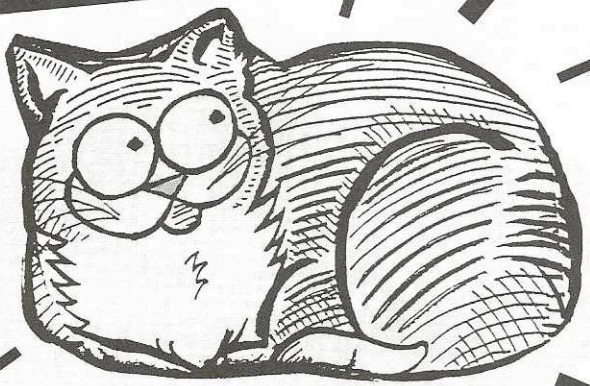
pleeze!



A Stuffed Chicken Pillow!

100% cotton, nose of pink and polyester fill (yum)

$20.00

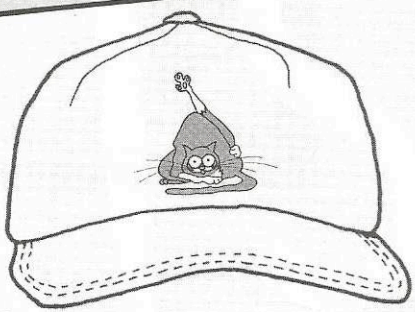
ONCE SIZE FITS ALL

HAT 1
black cap

Hothead in white and grey stitching

HAT 2
faded red cap

Chicken in gray and white with pink toes (of course)



HAT 3
black rolled skull cap

Hothead in red stitching, flames in yellow and orange

$15.00 each

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10 oz. white porcelain mug.
Two sided design.

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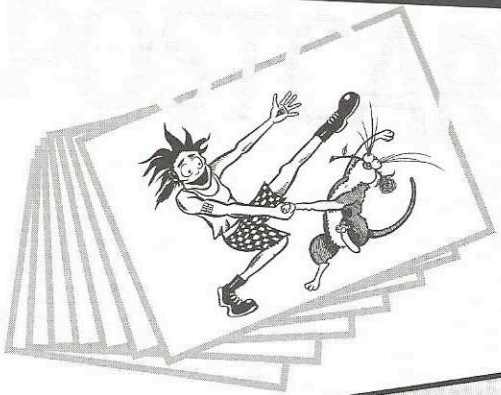

Set of Postcardz
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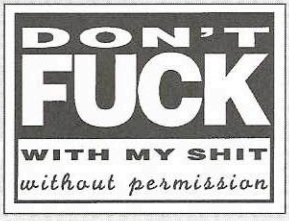
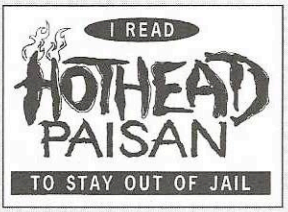
S01



S02



S03

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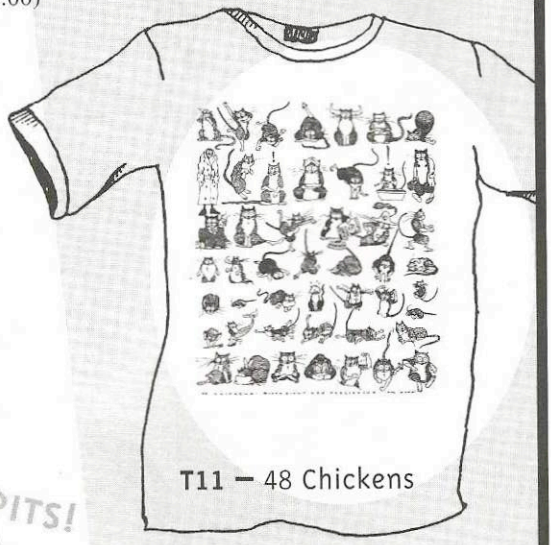
T09 — Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist

100% cotton
black on white

Indicate size M, L, XL (XXL add $2.00)
XXL not available in tank style

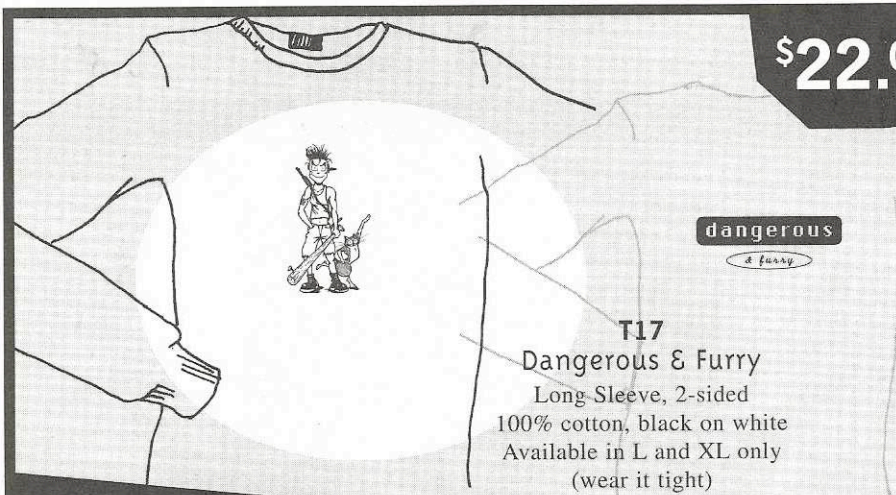
T18 — Chicken Head



T11 — 48 Chickens

Got a Question about this crapola, CALL THE HOTLINE 203-865-6113

$22.00



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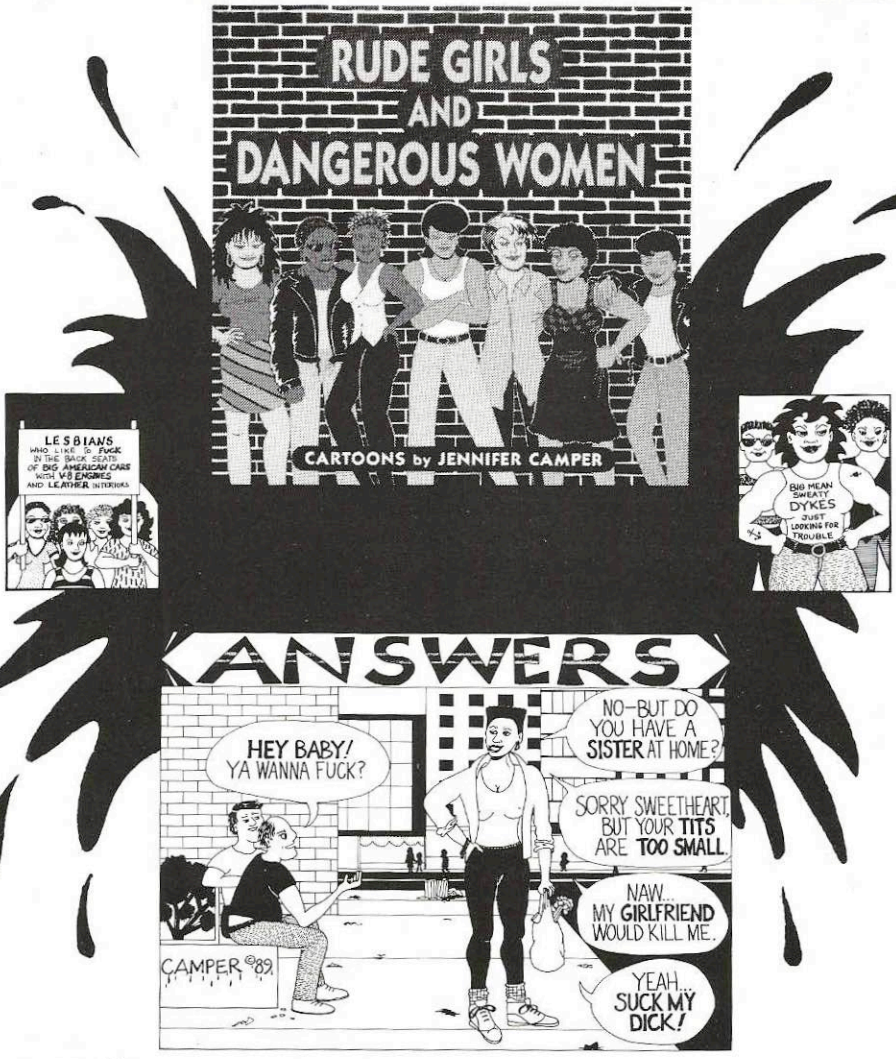
Jennifer Camper is a perverted, juvenile, anti-feminist who seems to have no boundaries whatsoever. I think I'm gonna come.

- Diane DiMassa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